'"This island, called *Savu* by the natives, is little known." (Cooler *Voyages.)* If it were not known at all, it would have no name.

Curious habit that men have of baptizing plots of ground, and especially that island. They baptize it only on the day when they think of leaving it, and for the sake of others.

*. . . Either suffer, or die. — *Ant pati, ant marl.* It is worthy of your hearing to ask you to understand, basically the complete force of these words . . . you will agree with me that they contain, in abbreviation, the entire teaching of the Son of God, and the whole spirit of Christianity."

And further on: "There is nothing more contrary than living according to nature and living according to grace/* (Bossuct: *Pancgyrique de sainte Therdsc.**)* So much the worse!

*The ego is hateful/' you say. Not mine. I should have likecl it in another; should I be hard to please simply because it is mine? On what worse ego might I not have fallen? (To begin with, I am alive, and that is magnificent.)

I pity you if you find something to hate in yourself. I hate only such sorry ethics. If I like my ego, do not think for a moment that I like yours any the less, or that this is because of my more or loss happiness.

But you are alive too, I believe, and that is magnificent.

The history of man is that of the truths he has set free*

In saying this I do not mean — please do not misunderstand me - to look upon truths as a small number of elect whose setting free or rather whose choosing would be a way of recognizing their right to reign over us, so that their freedom would be bought at the price of ours.

No, let's drop the word *Truth,* which might lead one to believe that the despotism of certain ideas is legitimate. Instead of

Truths, let's say Ideas. And let us call Idea any perceived relationship; if you wish to speak metaphorically, it is the refraction in a man's mind of au effective relationship. The number of Ideas is infinite like the number of relationships, or almost.

In order not to suppress in my own mind every reason for existing and for enjoying existing, I rather like to consider humanity as the accomplishment of the possible relationships. The almost infinity of possible relationships assures humanity of an almost infinite life. The accomplished relationships constitute the history of the past. That is a finished thing and, whether or not it produced a happy result, you cannot retouch it. The slightest idea of today needed the almost infinity of

[18] "Panegyric of St. Teresa/* one of Bossuef s sermons.